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VOL. I—No. 11

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THE RED RAIDER by **E. McB. MOORE, Jr.**

Bill takes revenge on the outlaw life wolves to a slaughter, but Lieutenant "Smoky" Battle led his bulletmen with Yankee courage to dare the Range chief.

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HARE AND HOUND.

by
Geo. E. BRENNER.

*A story in which the
Clock has two faces.*

A MYSTERY FEATURE - COMPLETE



---YOU MEN KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO, ABOUT
THE CLOCK, AN' THAT'S NOTHING. WE HAVEN'T A
SINGLE CLUE TO WORK ON, BUT I WANT YOU
MEN TO COVER THE CITY, AN' THE FIRST THING
THAT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BRING ABOUT HIS
ARREST, PHONE IT IN, I WON'T LEAVE THIS
DESK. --- NOW GET ON! --- AN' I WANT
HIM BROUGHT IN!

HEINTZ!-- GET
THE CAR READY, AN'
PUT EXTRA BOUNDS
IN IT FOR EVERY-
BODY-- SCOOT!



GET THIS-- THE
CLOCK IS GON' TO
SWAY A VOLT TO
J. PERRY GELTHORP,
IN OTHER WORDS,
THIS AGENT IS MADE
TO ODD-- CHOW,
PERRY IS WORKIN'!



-- WHAT AGE YA GAIN,
TURTLES, P-- C MON--
OTTER ON IT!



12 HOURS OF THIS —

RINGGGG

I KNOW, — I KNOW—
YOU HAVEN'T FOUND
ANYTHING YET, BUT
YOU'RE STILL ON
THE JOB?

GAD!—I'LL GO
NUTS IF SOMETHING
DOESN'T TURN UP
SOON!

RINGGG

HELLO!—WHO?—MR. HEINZMANN
OF THE CITIZEN'S
WELFARE COMMITTEE?
YES—WELL, I'M DOING
THE BEST I CAN AND—
OH, SHUT UP—NO—NO
NOT YOU MR. HEINZMANN,
—IT'S THESE PHONES,
FOOLY—GENT!

HELLO—
WHAT!
RIGHT AWAY—

O'MALLEY!—COHEN!—
HEINTZ!—QUICK!







DAUGHTER of the APES

A "BRALEY OF THE TROPICS"

STORY - Complete -

by

VICTOR J. DOWLING

FALL IN THE
MOUTH
OF THE
CONGO JUNGLE
JOE BRALEY
HIS CAPTIVE
A NUMBER OF
TAME
GIRAFFE CALVES,
AND PREPARED
FOR THE LONG
JOURNEY
BACK TO
CIVILIZATION.



WELL, I WANT TO HAVE THESE
GIRAFFES IN HANDS AS PORTERS -
I THINK OUR BEST BET IS NORTH
TO THE OPEN PLAINS
AND THEN WEST
TO THE LAKE.



WE'RE MAKING GOOD
TIME--A LOT FASTER
BE DAYS--WE
WELL BE OUT
OF THE JUNGLE

WELL, THAT'S A GOOD FEELING, WHEN
YOU GO TO THE JUNGLE--THIS IS
THE LAND OF THE APES.

WELL, I'VE BEEN
THROUGH THAT
AFTER A WHILE--
LEAVING THIS
CAMP BE SO
MUCH WORSE

YES, ALL ABOUT THE MOUTH OF THE CONGO OF THE
APES--THE ALL-FORMER LATER--THIS IS THE
KINGDOM.

ALL BECAUSE IT IS TOO LATE



AS THE SAFARI ENTERS THE OPEN COUNTRY
AND PREPARED TO CAMP FOR THE NIGHT,
A NATIVE WITCH-DOKTOR COMES UP

AND THAT NIGHT AS THE SUPERSTITIOUS
PORTERS SET ABOUT THEIR RITES----

BOYS, I WON'T FORGET YOU FOR THIS --- BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.

WHITE MAN COMING, GUARDS!

IN THE MORNING DAILEY FINDS HIMSELF DESERTED EXCEPT FOR TWO LOYAL SLAVES ---

GEE, THIS IS THE LAST FUNK I WISHED TO FIND A WHITE MAN --- YOU MUST HAVE DRIFTED FROM ME!

I SAW YOUR FRIES LAST NIGHT AND THOUGHT I'D DROP IN --- YOU NEED TO BE IN TROUBLE!

NO --- I'D LIKE TO KNOW THAT BOYS, BUT I CAN'T. HE SEEMS TO BE THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS.

AND HE HELP YOU DO IT, DAILEY EXCEPT THAT HE HOLDS INFORMATION THAT IS LIFE ITSELF TO ME.

BUT I THINK I CAN HELP YOU OUT. BRING YOUR APPALS OVER TO ME KRAMER, AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY PROPOSITION.

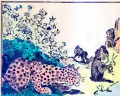
THANK YOU ARE -- HORSES CAN'T LIVE IN THIS -- THE OLD TO THE BEEN WORKING WITH THEM BIG ZEBRAS AND BANT AMINALS. IF I CAN GET YOU TO THE COURT WITH THEM THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT WOULD ACCEPT THE IDEA AS PONTIAL.



PAUL OUT ON THE PLAIN, A
 GREAT GRAY PANDAEL BARKS
 THE "ALL'S WELL" SIGNAL --



AND A TROOP OF APES COMES INTO THE OPEN,
 ACCOMPANIED BY A HUMAN CHILD



AS THEY FEED, A LEOPARD STIRS
 OUT FROM A THORN BUSH TOWARD
 A STRAYING YOUNG ONE



THE GREAT CAT LEAPS -----



AND CHARGES ITS PREY INTO THE
 THORNY SCRUB, WHERE THE PURSUING
 APES DARE NOT FOLLOW



BUT THE CHILD OWNS A LOOKET THAT
 HANGS ABOUT HER NECK, AND WITH THE
 LENSES AS A BURNING GLASS SETS
 FIRE TO THE DRIED GRASS



AS THE LEOPARD IS FORCED INTO THE OPEN
IT IS TORN TO PIECES BY THE ENRAGED
OLD MALES

LET'S TRY TO GET A HAND LEAD TRYING TO
RECOVER THE JOURNEY CONTINUALLY WITH THE LITTLE
DOCTORS APPROACH ME - I'LL ALWAYS BELIEVE THEY'VE
SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MISADVENTURE OF MY LITTLE
GUTTY - ITS ONLY THE HOPE THAT I HAD THAT WAS
IN SOME FANTASY VILLAGE THAT NEEDS ME SOME



MEANWHILE - BACK AT CAMP JOE BRANTLY
LOADS HIS ANIMALS ON THE WAGGONS



WAS THIS BROTHER
OF THE APES THAT'S
SUCH A GOOD FELLOW

THEY KNOW EXACTLY, BRANTLY - SEEMS TO
BE SOME OLD NIMBLE MAN... THE
NATIVES FEAR THEM MORE THAN LIONS
AND THIS ONE TROOP APPEARS TO
UNDERSTAND FIRE - LOOK! THERE'S
SMOKE NOW!



THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE - IF
I COULD THAT THESE FELLOWS
IT WOULD BE THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE WORLD



THIS USED TO WORK
WITH THE BARBONS NOW
AT THE CAMP ---- A
HOLLOW GOURD WITH
A HOLE JUST LARGE
ENOUGH FOR ONE OF
THEIR FRONT TEETH



EARLY NEXT MORNING THE KIDS GO TO THE TRAP-
TRAPS, PATS CLOSER ABOUT THE BAIT ARE TOO
CLOSE TO PASS THROUGH THE SMALL HOLE, AND
THEY STRUGGLE IN VAIN TO WITHDRAW THEM



SENSING THE SITUATION, THE CHILD
SMASHES THE TRAPS THAT IN VAIN
HER STRANGE COMMANDS ...



BUT THIS DELAYED, SHE IS QUICKLY
OVERTAKEN



THE LONG WILD CHILD STRUGGLES
AND SCREAMS IN TERROR ...



AND WITH A ROAR OF RAGE THE
WARRIOR MALLS TURN TO THE RESCUE



A SHOT FROM BAILEY'S REVOLVER HALTS
THEIR HEADLONG CHARGE



ONLY THE OLD LEADER COMES ON



THERE, YOU OLD DEVIL!
THAT OUGHT TO COOL
YOU OFF A BIT



OH! OH! BOO
CHARRA! BOO CHARRA!

THE CHILD RUNS FEARLESSLY
TO THE FALLEN MONSTER

BACK IN
THE QUIET
OF CAMP
LITTLE
BETTY
GENTLY
RECALLS
THE MEMORY
OF HER
FATHER

THAT BLACK MAN WITH THE EYEBALL WANTS
BLOOD. HE GOT HERE - HE SAID IT COULD
SAVE YOU SO AWAY. BUT THE BIG
MONSTER'S RIGHT HERE! - THEY ONLY
BUT WHEN YOU DISOBEYED.



CHEER UP, OLD FELLOW
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER ABOUT
CAGE LIFE WHEN THAT
LUMP ON YOUR HEAD
GOES DOWN!



KNOWING THAT HIS CRIME MAY BE DISCOVERED THE WICKED-DOCTOR HAS FOLLOWED THE WAGGERS



AND, HOPING THAT THE CHILD WAS NOT YET REVEALED HIS GUILT, HE STEALS INTO THE TENT



BUT, AT THE CHILD'S REQUEST, THE OLD ONE HAS BEEN CHAINED CLOSE BY HER COT



WORTH TAKE HER OUTSIDE -- THIS IS A PRETTY DASTY MESS FOR CHILDREN'S EYES

A MONTH LATER
BRADLEY
AND HIS
ONAPUS
ARRIVE
SAFELY
AT THE
COAST



OVER-OBLIGED
FOR THE LIFT
PARTNER.

NOT AT ALL, BRADLEY -- THANKS TO
OUR TRIP THE GOVERNMENT HAS
COMMISSIONED BETTY AND ME TO
GO AWAY AND OPEN THE OFFICIAL
COLONIAL ZEBRA BAZILL

LOOK! CHAPPA IS
SMOKING A PIPE

SMUGGLED TOYS



A COMPLETE THRILLING
SEA ADVENTURE BY

J. A. PATTERSON



INSPECTOR SCOTT WARE OF THE U.S. CUSTOMS RECEIVED A MYSTERIOUS FEMINE TELEPHONE CALL TO COME TO AN ADDRESS, IN THE HEART OF THE CHINATOWN OF A LARGE METROPOLIS, TO RECEIVE SOME INFORMATION ON A GANG OF SMUGGLERS OPERATING OUT OF THERE.





KNOWING RAT LARSON FREQUENTS A CERTAIN WATERFRONT HANGOUT, SCOTT ARMED WITH A FARK SCHEME TO SIGN ON HIS FREIGHTER, APPROACHES HIM.







THE BLACK HAWK REACHES ITS DESTINATION-A SMALL, DIRTY PORT ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF CHINA.



SCOTT CABLES IN CODE THE INFORMATION HE HAS LEARNED SO FAR.



LARSON WITES NO TIME IN GETTING LOADED FOR THE TRIP BACK.



THE BLACK HAWK AND ITS CREW START HOMEWARD AND REACH WITHIN A FEW MILES OF THE U.S. BEFORE SCOTT HAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO CHECK UP ON THE GOINGS-ON OF THE MYSTERIOUS RED LABEL CASES.



HMM. TOY BOTTLES FILLED WITH ROTTEN "COKE" - JUST AS I THOUGHT - UGH!

KEEP YER BLASTED NOSE OUTTA THERE!

-BUT HE IS DISCOVERED BY LARSON.



UGH!

STUNNED BY THE TERRIFIC BLOW, SCOTT IS NO MATCH FOR THE TREMENDOUS STRENGTH OF THE MURDEROUS LARSON.



THAT'LL STOP YER NOSE IN' AROUND YE BLASTED JELLY FISH!

BAW!

BUT NOT SATISFIED LARSON FIRES INTO HIM



"WE'RE NEARIN' PORT JAKE - GO DOWN AN' TIE A WEIGHT ON HIS CARCASS AN' HEAVE 'ER TO TH' SHARKS!" AN' RUSH THEM RED LABEL CASES ON DECK - WE'LL SIGHT HIG'S LAUNCH NOW ANY MINUTE OFF PIER THIRTEEN.



HURRY WITH THEM CASES YA MUG!! I SEE NICE FLASHES UP CHANNEL NOW!!!



HELLO HIG? -EVERYTHING OKAY?

YEAH I THINK SO, BUT DER'E'S A LIGHT COMIN' DOWN TH' CHANNEL. MAYBE IT'S FISHERMEN - BETTER SHAKE A LEG FER SAFETY, PAL.

BLACK

BLAST IT! I'M GROSSY
- I HEAR SOMEBODY COMIN'
GUESS I'LL HIDE IN TH'
TOP OF THAT CASE.



THE BULLET RAT THOUGHT WAS
FATAL TO SCOTT HIT HIS WATCH
AND GLANCED OFF HARMLESSLY.

GOLLY IT AM' DARK
DOWN HEAR-W-WHERE
AM' DAT B-B-BODY?

LET IT
GO RIGHT
NOW-RAT!
HOLLERIN'
FER THESE
CASES.



THEY'RE ALL ON
DECK, RAT!

WE'LL PUT 'EM IN
MINE'S LAUNCH YE
SWABS-WE AINT GOT
ALL NIGHT!

SAY RAT
WHAT'S DAT COMIN'?



REACH FOR
TH' SKAKS!
SKUNKS!

OH MY
GOLLY
GHOSTS!

WHAT
TH-?



WHEN THEY TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO THE
LIGHT-SCOTT LEAPS OUT AND COVERS THEM.

HELLO CHIEF! HERE'S TH' WHOLE GANG
IN ONE LITTLE BASKET-AN' IF YOU'LL
BREAK ONE OF THOSE INNOCENT LOOKIN'
DOLLS YOU'LL FIND TH' ROTTEN DOPE
INSIDE THEY BEEN
SMUGGLIN' IN!

LET'S PUT
ON TH' BRACE-
LETS DEARIE!

-I'LL GIT THAT
LOUZY CUSTOM
SHARK AN' -

NOT WHERE YOUR
GOIN'! YOU'WON!
SONNY BOY!

NICE WORK
SCOTT-YOUR
PLAN WORKED
PERFECTLY!



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THE
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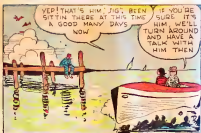
STREET NUMBER _____

CITY AND STATE _____

A
COMPLETE
FISHIN' STORY

EASY JOB

BY
JOE
E.
BURESCH
*FIGHTING THE
SMUGGLERS*





SAY JIG - DON'T
VA THINK IT
WOULD BE A
GOOD IDEA TO
SHOW FREE
AROUND ?
I'LL--

YEH.
SURE.
BUT
DON'T
GO
TOO
FAR
BLACKIE

HE DON'T
TRUST
NEW GUYS
BUT I
THINK YER
OK

HOW MANY
MEN, WE
HAVE
HERE.
BLACKIE
?

OH, SIX.
WE NEED
MORE BUT
THEY'RE
HARD TO
PICK
UP.

LEMME GET
THIS STRAIT
WE DELIVER
BUT WE
DON'T SELL
DIRECTLY
TO STORES
?

HERE'S HOW HANDSOME OUR RING
WORKS LIKE A CLOCK. WE GET
THE DOPE, RUN IT DOWN BAY
ABOUT TEN MILES TO OUR
PICK-UP MAN

-- HE TAKES IT TO TOWNS WHERE
WE HAVE OUR BUYERS.
HE COLLECTS, THEN
WE'RE PAYED
OFF.

HOW
ABOUT
COAST
GUARDS
IF THEY.

WE HAVE OUR TRICKS OF THE
TRADE GOOD-LOOKIN'.
YOU'LL LEARN SOMEDAY
WHEN THOSE GUYS APPROACH
YOU. NOW SEE THAT OLD
TREE - HARMLESS LOOKIN'
AIN'T IT ?

THAT'S OUR "STOCK-ROOM"
HANDSOME. THERE'S AT LEAST
EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS SITED
BELOW THAT TREE. COME ON,
I'LL SHOW YOU.

BOTH ENTER THE HOLE IN THE TREE TRUNK, THEN DESCEND A BIT AND FREE IS ASTONISHED TO FIND A SMALL ROOM

THERE YA ARE, ENOUGH THERE TO LAST ABOUT TWO TRIPS.



HERE'S A "TIN", EACH ONE'S WORTH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN DOLLARS. WHY SHOULD WE WORK FOR A LIVIN' HANDSOME?



THEY'RE MAKIN' THEIR NEXT TRIP TOMORROW NIGHT. MAYBE JIG WILL TAKE YA ALONG

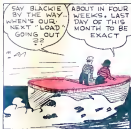


TRUE ENOUGH, FREE IS TAKEN, THE NEXT NIGHT, A SWIFT MOTOR BOAT WITHOUT LIGHTS, LEAVES THE ISLAND



THEN ABOUT TEN MILES DOWN BAY, IT PULLS ALONG SIDE OF A FREIGHTER. BUNDLES QUICKLY CHANGE HANDS, AND THE PICKUP MAN GOES ON HIS WAY









BUCKAROO BRAND

A COMPLETE WESTERN
NOVELET IN ACTION
PICTURES

By
W. M. Allison
& Buck Ringoe

YOU BEEN 'ROUND THIS RANGE
BEFORE, INDIAN -- AINT WE
GITTIN' NEAR THAT SPREAD
YET? HOW MUCH FURTHER,
WE GOTTA HIDE?



THERE SHE IS -- OVER YONDER UNDER
THEM TREES!





PECOS, YUH SEEN
HE WIN THIS
SPREAD IN
TH' GAME AT
TULAROSA.
AN' THERE
AINT NO HOMBRE
BUNNIN' A BAZER ON
INDIAN JOE FOSTER!
COME ON, WE'LL
SEARCH THE
BUILDIN'S!

AFTER A COMPLETE SEARCH
OF THE OLD PITCHFORK
RANCH, INDIAN JOE FOSTER
AND HIS PARTNER, PECOS
MAIDEN, DECIDE THAT NO
ONE OCCUPIES THE RANCH,
AND THAT THEY'LL BED
DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.
TOMORROW THEY AIM TO
LOCATE THE SMALL HERD
THAT GOES WITH THE
SPREAD.



HEY, INDIAN.
PEBLES.
WE BETTER
UNROLL IN THE
BARN, TONIGHT.
FOOL THAT
TULAROSA BUNCH
IF THEY WAS
FISHERMAN TO
SURPRISE US IN
THE BARN, UM?



YOSE SHORE A SMART HOMBRE,
PECOS. THAT'S A SUREND TRICK.
AFTER, WE'VE EAT WELL HAD
FOR THE OLD BARN

NEXT MORNING —

THEREY SUPPOSED TO BE A COUPLE HUNDRED
HEAD OF STOCK WITH THIS LAYOVS, PECOS
LETS TAKE A PATAWA DOWN STREAM A WHILE
AN SEE CAN WE ROUND UP THEM GRITTERS.



I CAN'T GIT IT OUTA MY HEAD, INDIAN.
THIS DEAL HAS GOT SOMETHIN' LOGO
BOUT IT! IF WE FIND COWS YORE SHORE
THE LUCKIEST HOMBSEY UNDER A HAT!



THERE WAS COWS, PECOS, AN WAGT
LONG TIME AGO, THERE'S TRACHS
LEADIN' INTO THE RIVER! SOMEBODY
LIRKLY RUN EM OFF WITH NO
RIDERS ON THE RIFTHORE TO GUARD
TEM, LET'S AIDE HERE, CONVOY!



I KIN SEE COWS, INDIAN, ACROSS THE RIVER,
AN' BACK UNDER THAT RIDGE, PEESE OURS, HUNT!

RESTLIN STILL GOES ON, PECOS,
I'M TAKIN' A FOUR-EYED
LOOKSEE AT THEM GRITTERS!



SHANT MAKE OUT THE BRAND
PECOS, BUT THERE AINT NO
RIDERS HEADIN' EM.
WE'LL CROSS AN GO SEE!

INDIAN JOE BEGINS TO FEEL THAT HIS PARTNER, PECOS MADDEN, IS RIGHT ABOUT THE GAMBLER IN TULAROSA: THAT THIS SPREAD HE WON IS A DEAD MAN'S HAND. LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOME TRICK STILL UP THE GAMBLER'S SLEEVES. BUT INDIAN AND PECOS WILL PLAY IT OUT



THAT TULAROSA GENT'S NERVE'S GOT SOME WANTED HOMBRES CACHED BACK IN THE HILLS WAITIN' TO DRYGULCH US. IF WE WAS DEAD, INDIAN, HE'S STILL GOT THE RANCH, AN' HIS VULTURES'LL CLEAN OUR POCKETS



I KNEW IT WAS SOME KIND OF A TRICK, PECOS, BUT I DIDN'T SAWVY THIS THING. FIGURED HE WANTED US OUTA THE WAY AN' WE'D MEET UP WITH A KILLER BUNCH AT THE RANCH. EASY NOW! THERE'S THEM COWS!



PITCHFORK STUFF! LET'S RIDE IN CLOSE AN' TALLY THE BRANDS.

I'LL KEEP AN EYE SHINNED FOR BUSHWHACKERS. COME ON!



THESE CRITTERS BELONG TO ME,
FEDS, AN' COWS DON'T CROSS NO
RIVERS 'LES THEY'RE DRIVEN
WELL, WE'RE DRIVIN' 'EM BACK!



I HEAR SHOOTIN', INDIAN, AN' I KIN SEE
DUST. THEM HOMBRES IS COMIN' AN'
THEY'RE ON THE PROO!



LET 'EM COME! WE'LL GIVE THESE CRITTERS
ACROSS AN MAKE A STAND ON THE OTHER
SIDE, WE AINT RUSTLERS!



HOLD YER SHOOTIN' FECS! LOOKS LIKE
THE LAW COMIN'; I KIN SEE A STAR ON
ONE O' THE GENTS— THE HOMBRE ON
THE BALD-FALED ROAN. AIN'T NUTHIN'
TO WORRY ABOUT.



KEEP THEM CLAWS UP! THEM COWS
BELONG TO RED RIVER SCENT. HERE!
CLIMB DOWN OFF THEM BRONKS—
AN' NO QUICK MOVES! KEEP 'EM
COVERED, SCENT!





WE GOT PLENTY
ROPES, SHERIFF!
LET'S GIT IT
OVER WIT', DON'
WANT NO RUSTLIN'
ON THIS RANGE!



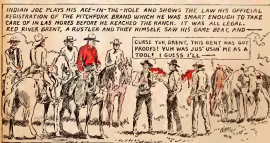
NOBODY'S RUNNIN' NO BLAZERS ON
US, SHERIFF! JUS' HOLO YORE
HOSSSES. THESE COWS IS MINE, AN'
I KIN PROVE IT!



YUN DENTS ARE GOIN'
TO HAVE YORE HANDS
FULL O' DYNAMITE IF
YUN THINK MY PARD
AN' ME CAN BE FRAMED
DON'T FORCE YORE
TWO-BIT HAND!



WHAT KINDA PROOF YUN
GOT, FELLER? HOW CAN
YUN OWN THESE COWS
IF THEY BELONGS TO
BRENT. HERE? WHO ARE
YUN, ANYWAYS?



INDIAN JOE PLAYS HIS ACE-IN-THE-HOLE AND SHOWS THE LAW HIS OFFICIAL
REGISTRATION OF THE PITCHFORK BRAND WHICH HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE
CARE OF IN LAS VEGAS BEFORE HE REACHED THE RANCH. IT WAS ALL LEGAL.
RED RIVER BRENT, A RUSTLER AND THIEF HIMSELF, SAW HIS GAME BEAT, AND —

CURSE YU, BRENT, THIS GENT WAS GOT
PROOFS! YUN WAS JUS' USIN' ME AS A
TOOL! I GUESS I'LL —

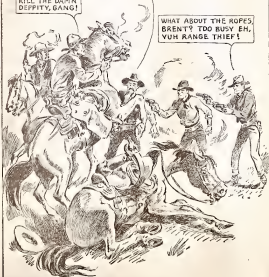
— BUT RED RIVER BRENT SAW HIS ERROR AND ONLY DEATH WOULD WIPE HIS SLATE CLEAN. HE'D OVERLOOKED CHANGING THE BRAND REGISTRATION. NOW HE AND HIS GANG TRIED MURDER TO WIN.

BUT INDIAN JOE AND PECOS WERE GUN-FIGHTERS. THIS WAS THEIR MEAT.

BRENT, YOU'RE A DIRTY
HELLION!

KILL THE DAMN
DEPITY, GANG!

WHAT ABOUT THE ROPES,
BRENT? TOO BUSY EH,
YOU RANGE THIEF!



THE DIRTY RAT! HE'S
DOWNED THE LAWMAN!



THAT'LL STOP 'EM SHERIFF!



INDIAN JOE AND HIS
PARTNER, PECOS
MADDOX, HARDLY
SCRATCHED IN THE
GUN-FIGHT, SAVED
THE DEPUTY FROM
DEATH IN BRENT'S
DOUBLE-CROSS.

AND INDIAN
PROVES HIS
OWNERSHIP OF
THE PITCHFORK
SPREAD

YOU AN' YOUR PARD ARE SURE A PAIR OF GUN-FIGHTIN'
FOOLS INDIAN. LOOKS LIKE I WAS SITTIN' IN ON A
CROOKED DEAL, BUT BENT'LL SWEAT IN THE PEN FOR
THIS. AN' I'LL GET YOU STRAIGHT ON YOUR PITCHFORK
SPREAD— AN' THE COWS.

FLASH WOUND, SHERIFF—
WE'LL HAVE YOU WHOLE-
HIDE IN A JIFFY!



AN' THE JUDY FOLKS HAD SENSE, AN'
THE JUDGES A STANDBY BY
WELL SEND HIM DOWN TO HELLVILLE
TO LICK HIM UP AN' GIVE 'EM



THE MONSTER MAN

by Langford





THE FOLLOWING DAY—KENT ALWAYS TO FIND HIMSELF IN A TENSELY LABORATORY



OH! MY HEAD! WHAT AM I?

OH! THE INTERESTING! WARNING! YOU'LL REJECT YOUR COMING HERE, YOU YOUNG FOOL! PROBABLY IN MY MIND, BUT

AS RIDDER LEAVES, KENT, WHO HAS LOOSENED HIS BONDS, DARTS OVER TO THE EXPERIMENT TABLE





ONE MOVE, GENTLEMEN, AND I SHALL
DASH THIS TO THE FLOOR AND BLOW
US ALL TO BITS--HAH--I THINK THAT
WILL STOP YOU--NOW I HOPE YOU
WILL GIVE ME TIME TO SAY GOODBYE.
'TILL WE MEET AGAIN!



BUT MENT SLEEPING WARDEN WITH A BEAUTIFULLY THICK BACK HOOKS THE GUN FROM ROGERS' HAND, AT THE SAME TIME ROGER PLUNGES THE TUBE TO THE FLOOR DASHING IT TO BITS.



NOTHING HAPPENS! AS THE POLICE STAND THERE STUNTED, REDDER GRINS THROUGH THE IRON DOOR.



• THE END •

A Hard-Hitting Story of Quick Adventure!

by
Malcolm
Bruce



DYNAMITE Barney leaped on the edge of his boom and swore. As a matter of fact he swore many times and in a manner quite shocking to a part of his audience. Before him and behind him were other trucks, and teams, and each driver now began offering advice to the big "blow-tramp" truckman who was jamming the traffic. It was early evening in the summer and the long, almost horizontal rays of a setting sun shone full in the west-stroked face of Barney as he leaned from his perch high above the ground.

It was not the fault of the horse, nor was it exactly Dynamite's fault that he was running a Mack in the traffic, but as he jerked forth his whip and began playing it with a will on the helpless animals a window in a taxi close alongside was shoving down and the face of a man appeared, calling to the police.

"That your face," barked Dynamite with only a glance at the face in the window. He said more, about young eyes in snap-and-bik tops that'd better stay in where it was safe. Dynamite had never been a lover of faces.

A moment of this and the door of the taxi was flung open. From it stepped a tall young man of more than pleasing countenance who wore the accepted thing in evening clothes, and an air of mild gaiety slightly aroused. With a word of assurance to the girl who leaned toward him from the cab, he approached the pleasure house.

"Put up your whip," he said in a low commanding voice.

But Thersany only swung it more viciously and addressed his best style of profanity direct at the unscrupulously afflicted man below.

Two drivers and truckmen leaped from their seats, shouting words. It was inevitable. As the crowd gathered the man in evening clothes reeled to the side of the taxi from which he had just a moment before emerged. Denrany had been right. He was a quitter and was heading back to the safety of the machine. Another example of Denrany's poor judgment. The tap was driving himself calmly of his hat, his gloves, his coat and his cane. Denrany roared with delight. The duke was displaying symptoms of senility.

For a moment the stranger stood gazing at the glaucous bird, then it flew off with a soft, rattling sound, his clothes into the young hunter's net. With a final gesture of reassurance he again turned toward Giovanni's track.

among those who grouped themselves along the curb was one who looked with speculative eyes on the man whose white, spotted tang was decidedly out of place in such a setting.

"Will you put that whig away?" called the vested one to Devereux. Shirt sleeves were being rolled upword in a workmanlike fashion, and the spectacle was presented to his friend at the curb.

"Judge," he said in a gentle drawling voice, "I think you an' me are goin' to see brains get an awful rockin' from heaven. That's Dynamite Dewany an' us that will."

The Honorable John T. Youngman glanced at his friend Ace Martin, and chuckled. For years Martin, he knew, had been managing horses of every hue and shape. Big ones and little ones had climbed high up the foal's ladder of fame and fortune under the masterful tutelage of the venerable manager. But Youngman held a different opinion in the present instance.

"I think you're wrong, Ace," he argued. "This looks to me like an example of my argument right now. A fair amount of brains coupled with brains will destroy itself. Its own weight is brains alone."

Dynamite was glowering on the upturned face of the man on the ground.

"For two bits I'd smash you down wit' dis," he howled, threatening the other with his whip. "Get over! back in the company and you jawn an' shut yer face!"

The answer to this was short but sure and Judge Tooman gripped Maister's arm as the man on the ground landed.

There came a scream, a tiny stifled appeal, from the girl in the taxi, as her escort sought to clutch the falling foot of the cunning temptress.

"Come down," he shouted from above the roof of the barn and bellowing at the waiting drivers. "Come down and say that to the people."

DYNAMITE leaped from his perch and even as he left the truck he struck out with a wicked, savage swing aimed at the man beneath him. For a brief moment there was the surging of feet, the rush to bring arms and hands, then, a sudden stillness as men covered their eyes and ears. The man in the truck was still there, but he was dead, his body nearly torn to shreds. Dynamite, too, lay sprawled like one drunk against the burning body of the squarish man. As he started to slide to the ground, there came another warning from the taxi and a man's voice.

calling "Bob," but Bob was bent on a complete ignoring of the brute before him. He gripped the all but helpless Denavay by the collar. Fervid Dynamite tried to fight off his adversary, but Bob crashed a big capable looking open palm full in the other's face and held him pressed against the side of the truck.

"Well, I'll be——" Ann Martin stood gaping at the sight before him. Here was material of the highest type, a champion who could tell an over-sized heavy weight with one punch and hold him as cheaply as the man apparently held Denavay. It was not so long ago that this same Denavay fellow had been quoted as a rising challenger for the crown, but he had been found indispensable and as a consequence became accustomed to driving his time trucking and ring fighting. He was equally good at both, however, and lasted but a short time at either. Night now he was pretty much here to combat.

It was a neat job and well done, and as the crowd began to move to the opposite side of the street whether willing hands had partly dragged and partly pushed the half conscious truckman, a few leaped into the gap and proceeded to strengthen the traffic tangle which had steadily grown worse. Denavay's truck was jerked out of the wedge and the mobsters began to move once more.

Ann Martin was standing near surveying the winning truckman.

"Yes," he declared with a grin. "It's Denavay all right."

However, unhindered by the crowd which was centered about the dislodged pug, the victor unaided but short driver as he returned to his own truck. There was a moment's pause at the door of the car and a few hurried words passed between the driver and the young man now more aroused by her words. Another car moved on in the traffic and from an open window came a girl's face beaming with frank and honest admiration for the man in the street. In that fleeting glance there was a look of recognition in the eyes of the girl. But the man was hooded of the approving look which glowed for an instant, and then was gone. Bitter disappointment had followed close on the heels of his brief triumph.

"Go on," he said to the chauffeur as he stepped in to the car and closed the door. The machine rolled off to disappear in the mist of traffic ahead.

"Don't say that," declared the veteran gangster as he turned away toward the avenue with his palmed friend. "His car is gone. I might have been able to develop that guy into a champion. You remember Judge?" he went on, and the Honorable John Thomas listened attentively until the crowded sidewalks of the surrounding street swallowed them up. Many a good fighter had been picked up under similar circumstances. Also many a tramp.

CHAPTER II

A Fighting Man

FOR Robert Brummett, as he rode slowly in the taxi, the whole evening was a fiasco, a failure. He was riding alone and for the very good reason that upon his return to the car he had found it empty.

Robert Brummett had left him, but. According to the taxi driver, who answered him with the warm suggestion of a grin, she had departed with some remark about "a degree to society" and something more about "two braves." The driver couldn't tell any, but it was evident that she had put him in a deal with the roughneck truckman and had merely finished by saying some "Oh, I thought was his girl," and right. Averting her from the probability of a refusal and a bad, to say nothing of saving the un-

fortunate harm from under an unthoughtful beating. Bob was a picture of gloom and it occurred to him that she had no doubt taken a taxi herself to the Marriot and he would find her there when he arrived. There was just a chance that he could catch it up. The driver drove however was all-prompting of success as far as he was concerned for he knew Helen well enough to be sure that the taxi ahead of him would be no easy one.

Now as one had ever said that Beth Potter was beautiful. It had been admitted, sometimes hesitatingly, that she was pretty, that there was a wholesome freshness in her face. Now as she rode northward alone in the deep darkness of the taxi her thoughts rushing wildly backward through years, her face shone with a light that fairly illuminated her temporary moving prison.

All about her shined headlights, and her ears echoed to the rattle and scratch of the wheels, but the picture in her brain persisted. It was the face of the man—THIR man—she had seen. Face to face after what seemed years and years. But instead of avoiding clothes and all but the man she remembered was wearing dirty, mud-smeared olive drab. It was a uniform and she recalled with the death-copious smile with which his face had been parched on her heated hand. She did not even know his name. But what did that matter. She had seen him again and he was in New York. But that last time.

Beth Potter had been one of the first of her sex to volunteer her services "over there." As a member of that faithful population of red cross workers she had been among the first to reach the other side. Week after week, month after month, she had fought beside her entire against the ravages of dirt and disease, in the battle for life against death. Now she remembered that day up at the first aid station. It was on a narrow dusty road, hardly more than a path, and the morning was cold and dreary. A bleak wind lashed her face no matter where she stood, and the long mawkish columns of smoke and sooty fumes that passed her side moved by in a violence that made it even hot yesterday.

It was a picture out of the past that she now saw and in it was engrained more deeply than the rest the face of a man, who was but a boy, and who trod grandly past bearing another's burden as well as his own. The troops were "going out" for a rest. There had been the heat of the days. Night after night they had moved up on the enemy's position, driving him steadily, slowly, backward, until now it was given them to rest up, to recuperate for the big drive that was soon to come.

Nobody spoke. It was a silent procession and only the shuffling and clanking of heavy steel feet and with the rain of the wind.

She had noticed him more because he appeared to be marching alone as he brought up the rear of a company, and he staggered now and then from side to side of the road. The one shoulder he carried his pack, bulging and thrown together in knots. Across the other shoulder he bore the inert figure of his body, a thin, worn out frame of a man whose feet hung heavily in front of the man who carried him. In one hand the big boy carried two rifles and in the other he half dragged, half carried the pack belonging to his body.

As he passed he glanced up. Just for a moment. In his eyes there flashed a soft smile to the girl. "Deep him here," she had called impulsively, but the big fellow only shook his head, and grinned.

"He's taking him back for a rest," he said, and

A COMPLETE NOVELTY--

THE CHRISTMAS KID

A
Spinner Feature

By *Bert Christman*

AUTHOR OF

(THE CASE OF THE BROKEN SKILL)

WELL - I THINK
I'D CALL IT "THE
CHRISTMAS KID"
- TODAY'S CHRISTMAS
YOU KNOW

LOOK, SPINNER -
I FOUND A BOBBY OUTSIDE
IN THE SNOW - WHAT
SHOULD I CALL
IT?

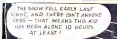
KIND OF
SEXY, ISN'T
IT?

BILLY? - MAYOR - BUT THERE
WAS A REAL "CHRISTMAS KID" -
HE WAS FOUND ON CHRISTMAS TOO -
ONLY IT WAS YEARS AGO IN ALASKA

GET WHIZ,
SPINNER!
TELL US
ABOUT
HIM!

WELL - IT WAS EARLY
CHRISTMAS MORNING AND POP
KINGSLEY, AN OLD TIMER IN ALASKA,
WAS HUSHING OVER THE SNOW -
COVERED ICE OF THE YUKON RIVER

LOOKS LIKE A
CAMP AHEAD -
I MIGHT PICK UP
SOME BREAKFAST





THROWN ON HIS OWN AT SUCH AN EARLY AGE, THE KID GREW UP TO BE AN EXTRAORDINARY INDIVIDUAL — HE HAD COURAGE, DARING, AND GREAT SKILL, AND HE ALWAYS ADHERED TO THE RUGGED PRINCIPLES OF DISMAYEDNESS AS THEY WERE INSTILLED IN HIM BY THE HINDOLES — LATER ALL ALASKA WAS TO HEAR OF HIS EXPLOITS AND HE WOULD BECOME AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE — BUT NOW WE FIND HIM ENTERING A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS, THE GOLDEN GOOSE

LOOK!
THE CHRISTMAS
KID!

LET GO OF
ME, HARRY! —
I TOLD YOU IT'S
ALL OFF!

BILLY — OH,
BILLY!

OH NO, ROSE —
IT'S JUST
STARTING!

LET GO OF
HER!

THE KID STROLLED INTO THE ROOM,
HIS ATTENTION HELD BY THE TROUBLE
ON THE FLOOR

SO? — YOUR FRIEND
BILLY WANTS TO
PLAY HERO — HE
CAN TAKE THIS!



"SIT DOWN AND PINK!
HARRY, OF YOU'LL BE
FUSING DARNIES!" -
YOUR NEW OPPOSITION
IS OUT OF YOUR
CLASS -
CALL HIM OVER -
I LIKE THE WAY HE
HANDLES THAT
GUN -



AND SO KOMOVITCH THE
BUTCHER RECOGNIZED A
NEW POSSIBILITY FOR HIS
DRAUGY GANG - AS HE TALKED
TO THE KID HE IDLY WAVED
HIS MISTEN - A DECORATED
MITTEN WITH A 'K' ON THE
BACK -

"WHY?"



- I HAVE A MITTEN JUST LIKE
THAT! IT WAS FOUND WITH
ME TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS AGO ON
CHRISTMAS DAY
ON THE YARD -
DO YOU KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
IT?



HIS BLOOD DRAINED FROM
KOMOVITCH'S FACE - HE
BECAME UNREASONABLY ANGRY

NO! NO! HOW SHOULD I
KNOW? GET OUT OF HERE
WITH YOUR SILLY
QUESTIONS!

YOU MUST
KNOW SOMETHING
ABOUT IT - OR
DO YOU ALWAYS
GET ANGRY WHEN
QUESTIONED?



NOT UNDERSTANDING BUT REALIZING
THAT THEIR BOSS WAS IN TROUBLE, KOMOVITCHES
MEN WENT INTO ACTION -

DON'T MOVE -
'ANYONE!'





WHEN ONE NIGHT THE KID MADE A DISCOVERY—

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THAT BLASTED CHRISTMAS KID DEAT YOU TO IT, AND NOW HE'S KILLING US OFF LIKE SLUGS! AND YOU, DUCK—IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT THIS MITTEN BUSINESS IS ABOUT, I'M LEAVING!

ALL RIGHT—I'LL TELL YOU—AND BILLY HERE CAN LISTEN IN TOO BECAUSE IT'S HIS LAST NIGHT ON THIS EARTH!

I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO REALLY KNOWS WHO THE CHRISTMAS KID IS, AND I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL HE GAVE HIMSELF AWAY THAT NIGHT AT THE GOLDEN GLOBE!

A YOUNG FOOL HAROLD NOBLE HINTED HE TO TAKE HIMSELF, HIS WIFE BARBARA, AND THEIR BOY LARRY TO THE COAST—HE WAS A MINER AND HE HAD 175,000 IN GOLD PACKED IN THE SLID—WELL, JUST AS WE STARTED TO MAKE CAMP ON CHRISTMAS EVE, WE HEARD A SNOWSLIDE!

IT'S JUST ACROSS THE RIVER!

COME, KIDNAPERS—LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

THE SLIDE HAD BROKEN THE RIVER ICE!

COLD AND DEEP—ANYTHING DROPPED IN THERE WOULD BE LOST FOREVER!

YES!

"THE ICEL CAVE DURING SLIDE, SO I JUST SHOWN HIM IN AND THEN WENT BACK TO CAMP!"

SOME NIGHT MR. NOBLE + HAROLD ASKS YOU TO COME—I'LL WATCH THE BABY!

ALL RIGHT!

"I STARTED TO FOLLOW HER, BUT THE BOAT CRID - SO I GAVE UP MY MITTEN TO PLAY WITH - THEN I FOLLOWED, SHOT THE OGRE AND PUSHED HER IN THE RIVER - THEN -"

HELLO

"SOMEONE HAD HEARD THE SHOTS - I GOT SCARED AND RATTLED - I WAS POKY MY YOUNG THEN, YOU KNOW - THE DOGS HADN'T BEEN UNHOOKED YET, SO I HOPPED THE SLED AND PULLED RIGHT OUT, FORGETTING THE BOAT AND MY MITTEN -"

POOSH!

"I UNDERSTAND - I HAD NO CAUSE TO GET RATTLED BECAUSE THE VOICE EVIDENTLY DIDN'T INVESTIGATE - NOW, BILLY - YOUR TIME HAS COME -"





AND SO THE DEADLY
HONDVITCH GANG MET ITS
END, AND ROSE AND BILLY
WERE BROUGHT TOGETHER—

HE'S LARRY NOBLE NOW—
BUT HE WILL ALWAYS BE
THE CHRISTMAS KID
TO ME—

HE'S A
GREAT MAN,
BILLY

THAT'S THE
STORY OF THE
CHRISTMAS KID



The RED RAIDER

A COMPLETE ADVENTURE STORY IN PICTURES—

—by E. MCD. MOORE, JR.

AN LITERALLY EXHAUSTED HILMIAN DELIVERS A MESSAGE TO LIEUTENANT "SPOTTY" BATTLE, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OUTPOST AT WAD-WAH.

—AND THEY ARE COMING HERE!



BATTLE SHOUTS AN ORDER. EQUIPMENT CLANGING, TWENTY GURKHA SOLDIERS FALL IN BEHIND HIM—

RANGO USES THE RED RAIDER, WITH A HUNDRED MEN, HAS JUST RAIDED AND BURNED JAHOI VILLAGE, TAKING SLAVES.



HE IS NOW COMING HERE TO ATTACK. MAN YOUR POSTS—SOMETHING IS SURE TO BREAK SOON.



A HALF HOUR DRAGS BY. SUDDENLY A SINGLE SHOT ECHOES FROM THE JUNGLE. LIKE A BROWN WAVE, Savage Mountain Bandits stream from the jungle, led by a red-bearded Hilmiian. RANGO USES THE RED RAIDER!



OUTNUMBERED FIVE TO ONE, THE VALIANT SURKHAS DEFEND THEIR POSITION



TIME AND TIME AGAIN THE RAIDERS DRIVE TOWARD THE BARRACKS, ONLY TO BE BEATEN BACK UNDER A DEADLY FIRE. UNDER TERRIFIC POUNDINGS, THEIR MORALE SUDDENLY SNAPS. AS ONE MAN, THEY FALL BACK IN PANIC!



BATTLE, REALIZING THAT RANGO COSEF WILL ESCAPE, ROWS AN ORDER

FIX BAYONETS! CHARGE!



THE RED RAIDER TRIES DESPERATELY TO RALLY HIS MEN—
 "FORWARDS! DO NOT RUN! THEY ARE FEW AND WE ARE MANY! WE MUST NOT BE CAPTURED!"



UNHEEDING, THE OUTLAWS THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS!



RANGO OSEE WHEELS HIS SHAGGY MOUNT AND GALLOPS FOR SAFETY



BUTLE FIRES TWO SHOTS AFTER THE FLEES HORSEMAN—

"MISSED!—NO, I WINGED HIM!"



THE RED RAIDER SWAYS VIOLENTLY IN HIS SADDLE, THEN RIGHTS HIMSELF AND FADES INTO THE JUNGLE!



SERGEANT TAKE CHARGE OF THE PRISONERS. I'M TAKING TWO MEN AND GOING AFTER RANGO OSEE HE GOT AWAY BUT I CAN'T LET HIM STAY AT LARGE!



BUT, LIEUTENANT SAMB, IS IT ~~NECESSARY~~ NECESSARY THAT YOU CAPTURE HIM? WE HAVE EITHER KILLED OR CAPTURED MOST OF HIS MEN!

LIEUTENANT SAMB: HE HAS FIVE HUNDRED MORE MEN IN THOSE HILLS. THEY'LL HAVE DOWN ON OUR NECKS BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT, UNLESS I CAN STOP HIM!



BUT YOU MUST TAKE MORE MEN!

I CAN TRAVEL FASTER WITH TWO, AND YOU'LL NEED THE OTHERS TO GUARD THE PRISONERS. SEE THAT THE WOUNDED ARE CARED FOR, AND HAVE THE OUTLAWS BURY THE DEAD—IT'LL KEEP 'EM BUSY.



WITH TWO OF HIS GUERRILLA FIGHTING MEN, RATTLE SETS OUT ON THE RED RAIDERS' TRAIL. HE RAISES FOR A MOMENT AT THE JUNGLE'S EDGE.

LOOK—BLOODY I DIDN'T MISS!



AS SWIFTLY AS POSSIBLE, THEY FOLLOW THE HORSE'S HOOF-PRINTS.

HE SLOWED TO A WALK, HERE—YOU CAN TELL BY THE TRACKS HE MUST BE WOUNDED, PRETTY BADLY.



SOME TIME LATER, THEY ENTER THE HILL COUNTRY—

THE TRAIL IS LEADING TO THAT GOAT-HERD'S HUT, SAMB.

RANGEROOSE MAY HAVE TAKEN SHELTER THERE. WE'LL CLOSE IN FROM THREE SIDES, KEEP UNDER COVER UNTIL I RAISE MY ARM.



BATTLE SIGNALS TO HIS MEN



VERY SLOWLY AND QUIETLY HE AND THE
BOURHAS CLOSE IN, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF
EVERY BIT OF COVER.



IN A FINAL PUSH BATTLE SIGNALS HIM-
SELF AGAINST THE DOOR, SMASHING IT IN.



EMPTY!



SHABU—HANIJULAH—THIS PLACE IS
DESERTED, BUT THERE ARE FRESH
BLOODSTAINS ON THE FLOOR! IT'LL BE
DARK IN AN HOUR—WE'VE GOT TO PICK
UP THE TRAIL AND FOLLOW IT FAST!



THE GOAT-HERD HAS PROBABLY JOINED
THE RED HAIKER, AND THE FARTHER HE
GOES THE MORE MEN HE'LL GET. WE'VE
GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE HAS THE
WHOLE COUNTRY UP IN ARMS!



FOR A SECOND TIME, BATTLE AND THE GURKHAS PICK UP THE TRAIL. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY IT LEADS THEM INTO A ROCK-WALLED GORGE.



WHILE NOT FAR AHEAD, THE WOUNDED RED RAIDER, HUNCHED OVER IN HIS SADDLE, IS UPPED ON BY THE GOAT-HERD.

WE MUST HURRY, RANGO. PERHAPS YOU ARE BEING FOLLOWED!



WHY—WHY ARE YOU STOPPING, ALI?

I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE BEHIND US, RANGO. — THERE IT IS AGAIN! SOMEONE IS TRAILING US!



WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD, THE BEARDED HILLMAN DISMOUNTS PAINFULLY.

THOSE ACCURSED SOLDIERS! WE WILL AMBUSH THEM HERE. ALL, PICKET MY HORSE BEHIND THOSE ROCKS.



UNWARE OF THE TRAP SET FOR THEM, THE AMBUSH, A RELE CRACKS TWICE, THEN SLOWLY SINKS TO THE GROUND!

BATTLE AND HIS MEN FALL BLINDLY INTO THE AMBUSH. ONE OF THE GURKHAS DOUBLES OVER.



INSTINCTIVELY THE TWO SOLDIERS DIVE FOR COVER—



BATTLE QUICKLY LOCATES THE RED RAIDER'S POSITION—

THEY'RE
BEHIND THOSE ROCKS, SHABU. HOLD
THEIR ATTENTION HERE, WHILE I
WORK AROUND ON THEIR FLANK!



THERE THEY ARE, NOW!



BATTLE'S REVOLVER SPITS FLAME. ALL
THE OUTLAW GOAT-HERD SLUMPS OVER
HIS SMOKING RIFLE.



RANGO OSEF WHIRLS TO MEET THE NEW
MENACE. WITH A TRIUMPHANT SHOUT,
SHABU HURLS HIMSELF ACROSS THE INTER-
VENING WATDS, SMASHING THE RED RAIDER
TO EARTH!



LATER: YOU'RE NOT BADLY WOUND-
ED, RANGO. YOUR SHOULDER WILL
BE ALL RIGHT BY THE TIME YOU
STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER. IT'S
TOO BAD YOU BECAME A BANDIT.
RANGO—YOU WOULD HAVE MADE
A FIRST-CLASS SOLDIER!



—THE END—



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REPERCUSSIONS. The 1990s have been a decade of change for the American film industry. The 1990s have been a decade of change for the American film industry. The 1990s have been a decade of change for the American film industry.

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